

BOARD OF GOVERNORS
ROBERT B. MCPHERSON
CHAIRMAN
WALTER F. DEXTER
EXECUTIVE MEMBER AND
SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC
INSTRUCTION
ROBERT H. FOUKE VICE CHAIRMAN
ROBERT HENDERSON
CAPTAIN, U.S.N. (RETIRED)
ROBERT S. ABERNETHY

FRANK P. MERRIAM
GOVERNOR



J. C. SMITH, SECRETARY
CALIFORNIA BUILDING
SAN FRANCISCO

State of California
California Nautical School
Department of Education

Log of the S.S. Fellowship

February 1st, 1939

One of the most delightful pleasures of my job as Keeper of the Log is the receipt of news from all the mates which in turn is relayed to the crew wherever they are located. There is glad news and sometimes sad news, every bit of which affects some of the men in the group.

Among the glad news came the account of Allen Seed's appointment as Executive Vice-President and Manager of the Minneapolis Civic Council. The newspapers said much about Allen's work at Toledo and of his being called to the \$10,000.00 a year job at Minneapolis. Allen you have made mighty fine progress and we salute you, and wish you every success in your new position.

Typical of the alertness of the crew, Sherm Humason at St. Paul read the account in the paper and immediately wrote Allen congratulations and welcomed him to the sister city of Minneapolis. It will be a fine gesture on the part of our mates at Minneapolis and St. Paul to arrange for all of them to meet Allen on some special occasion - perhaps a luncheon or a dinner - when Allen arrives in town and to give him the cordial greeting for which the Twin Cities are so noted.

And then there is sometimes sad news. Dan Goodykoontz out at Los Angeles writes:

"I notice that you have commented on the work of Lay Leishman at the Tournament of Roses. I am happy to say that judging by results his job was one hundred percent. One angle you did not cover and that is the fortitude with which Lay carried on after a very deep personal sorrow. The ability to carry on must once again impress all of us as the measure of a real man. I refer to the enclosed clipping which tells of the death of his mother just a week before the parade and in the midst of preparations"

"I have one other bit of sad news which is also transmitted in the form of a news clipping. It brings the news of the passing on of the father of Durward Howes".

To both of these mates we express our sympathy in their bereavement. We know they will carry on strengthened by the determination to honor their dead by their own noble living.

LoRoy Ober at Norfolk, Virginia sends fond greetings to the crew and says "I want to express my heartfelt appreciation for making it possible for friendship to live and personalities to expand under your adopt dissemination of news". He goes on farther to say "Incidentally I can't quite forgive our mate, Bill Galloway, for not letting me know he was going to be in Virginia. We have all too few visitors to Norfolk and its environs as we seem to be somewhat off the usual "trade routes" and we would have been very happy to give him an Old Dominion Welcome". See what you missed, Bill, for not following the rules of the crew to notify your mates wherever you go that you're coming through their town? Let it be a lesson to you all.

Bill is now happily located at the U. S. Bureau of Foreign & Domestic Commerce, Continental Hotel, Kansas City, Mo. and wishes any who come through Kansas City to be sure to stop in to chat a bit.

Our mate J. W. (Will) Bricker of Arkansas City, Kansas sends a clipping from their daily paper under the heading "20 YEARS AGO" and reproduces the item of 20 years ago which said

"Last night upon invitation from Secretary Hoffelfinger ten prominent young men met to organize the Young Men's Division of the Chamber of Commerce. They were Elmer Overholt, James Clough, Harry Oldroyd, Will Bricker, Ed. Walz, Walter Olson, Ralph Rixley, Harry Long, Fred Jopson and Earl Smith"

Just to think this JC is over 20 years old now; I wonder how many of the real old-timers of our crew remember some of these immortal ten?

Does your daily paper have the picture section each day? If so you probably saw the picture of a bungalow at Las Vegas, Nevada in front of which is standing Mrs. Clark Gable and below it the following reading matter: "Here is Mrs. Maria Gable, wife of screen hero Clark Gable who has established a residence here preparatory to filing a suit for divorce. She'll be here 6 weeks. She has rented the residence shown in the background from her lawyer, Frank McNamee, Jr." - none other than our mate Frank McNamee. It beats all how our mates get into print all over the country.

Did you notice the letterheads - they're from Bob Fouke out at San Francisco who besides his other duties is Vice-Chairman of the Board of Governors of California Nautical School - Thanks, Bob.

I just heard that our mate Emerson Thomas and his good wife Helen have had a visit from the stork several weeks ago and Gordon Bruce Thomas is now a full fledged member of the Thomas family. Congratulations, Emerson and Helen on your good fortune. Emerson while living in New York spends about half his time on the road for the Philfuels Co. a division of the Phillips Petroleum Co. He gets all over the country and I hope he will drop in on you mates occasionally.

Speaking of New York it brings to mind the announcement that August 11th will be the United States Junior Chamber of Commerce Day at the New York Worlds Fair. I wonder if something in the way of a gathering of the crew could be arranged for the occasion? It's a thought.



And while we're on the New York area I see that our mate Mark Matthews has taken time off to spend a short vacation in Cuba; Mark is a busy man what with all his duties to the City of New York and to the Junior Board of Trade, the New York State JC and the National organization and evidently he felt a few days away would do him good.

I just received a copy of the "Junior Chamber of Commerce Review" the official publication of the British Junior Chambers of Commerce of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, and noted in the perusing of the editorial these words "There is no doubt whatever that the training received by the members of our organization is a valuable asset to them particularly in developing fresh lines of thought and personal friendly contacts with those engaged in branches of commerce other than their own, while the Committee work involved not only broadens general knowledge but increases powers of debate and toleration for the views and opinions held by others". There is no doubt our British friends have the right idea. I was also interested to see copies of letters by Dick West, Ernest Baetz and Grady Vion under the heading of Correspondence. Our hands-across-the-sea fellowship is getting better all the time.

All of us have been referred to by ourselves and others as "Old-Timers", and yet all of us retain that indomitable spirit of youth and it is perhaps fitting that we review that inspiring statement by an anonymous writer who said

"Youth is not a time of life...it is a state of mind. It is not a matter of ripe cheeks, red lips and supple knees; it is a temper of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions; it is a freshness of the deep springs of life.

Youth means a temperamental predominance of courage over timidity, of the appetite for adventure over love of ease. This often exists in a man of fifty more than a boy of twenty.

Nobody grows old merely living a number of years; people grow old only by deserting their ideals. Years wrinkle the skin, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul. Worry, doubt, self-distrust, fear and despair...these are the long, long years that bow the head and turn the crowing spirit back to dust.

Whether seventy or sixteen, there is in every being's heart the love of wonder, the sweet amazement of the stars and star-like things and thoughts, the undaunted challenge of events, the unfailing child-like appetite for what next, and the joy and game of life.

You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt, as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear; as young as your hope, as old as your despair.

In the central place of your heart there is a wireless station; so long as it receives messages of beauty, hope, courage, grandeur and power from the earth, from men, and from the Infinite, so long are you young.

When the wires are all down and all the central place of your heart is covered with the snows of pessimism and the ice of cynicism, then are you grown old indeed and may God have mercy on your soul."

Let us strive to keep that spirit eternally alive.

Sincerely,

John R. Brewster
Keeper of the Log.



Log Of The "S. S. Fellowship"



TITLE GUARANTEE AND TRUST COMPANY

HILL AT FIFTH STREET
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
MADISON 7111

HARVEY HUMPHREY
DIRECTOR OF PERSONNEL
AND PUBLIC RELATIONS

February 15th, 1939

Log of the S.S.Fellowship:

This is California stationery sent out in a Florida envelope. Harvey Humphrey contributed the letterheads and St.Petersburg JC sent the envelopes to use as a means of advertising their attractions. It reminds me of that bet between Windy Gale and Tom Smith. Tom wrote and told me of it. It seems Windy wrote to Tom and said

"By the way I'd like to bet a crate of our great big balloon-size golden globulos with sugar inside and sunshine outside (California oranges to the trade) against a crate of those wizened-up, jaundiced-complexioned, scabby grape-chassis oranges of yours that California can beat the hell out of Florida for new affiliates between now and Tulsa time".

Tom said his citrus pride encouraged him to accept the bet; no doubt we'll have two crates of oranges as attendance prizes, - Bring 'em to Tulsa, fellows, and especially to the old-timers meeting.

Speaking of California, Bill Reichel out at Oakland writes "We have had a few visits from some of the old timers out here and enjoyed them immensely and we're looking forward to the opening of the Golden Gate International Exposition on February 18th as we feel some of the old-timers will be journeying out here to the Fair and I hope that I will have the pleasure of visits from them as they visit our great Exposition". There you are, fellows, an invitation from Bill. You'll find him a genial host.

Our mate Geo. Grooley sent out his usual "Ground Hog Day" card - it's an annual custom with George. This time he becomes a poet to create what he calls "An ode to the Memory of the Ground Hog" and goes on to say,

"In other years, it sure was fun
To watch the ground hog hog the sun
But this year he's a memory
Outshadowed by the GOP
Now he and the donkey can hit the hay
Because the elephant has come to stay."

The Republicans of the crew can chuckle at this.

Ewing Moscoley our mate from Dallas was in town the other day and while visiting his old side-partner of the 1922 administration, Fred Winsor, of our crew, he took time out to phone me and we had quite a chat talking about the Dallas mates. Glad to hear your voice, Moscoley.

It was good too to hear the voice of our mate from Boston, Ray Wilbur, who phoned me while he was in our city for a few hours stay. Ray is delighted at the way the JC movement is finally taking hold in New England and said that he and Martin Luthy, who was active in Chicago JAC and now resides in Boston, have done a great deal to further the cause. By the way, you fellows in Boston, have you seen anything of our old friend Wally Suttor lately? I've been anxious to have some news of him.

And it is good, too, to know how membership in the crew has been so helpful in so many ways. For instance our mate Harvey Miller out at San Jose, California writes "Last August you referred my name to Joe Esquirol in New York and Joe sent me some business as a result of your references". Such occasions when one mate in one town refers business to another mate in some other town have increased as the years go on and it is a source of much satisfaction to see this.

Walt Clinton said he was driving down to San Antonio and hoped to see Ernest Baetz and some of the other fellows while there; hope you saw them, Walt.

A year or so ago in talking to Al. Spook, our mate at Newark, New Jersey, he mentioned that a former member of the St.Louis JC was Director of the Bureau of Governmental Research at the New Jersey State Chamber of Commerce which has offices in Newark - Alvin A. Burger by name. Alvin was active in the St.Louis JC in the days of Henry Giossenbier and Andy Mungonast and others and now asks to be admitted as a "passenger" on our good ship, and by virtue of his qualifications I am letting down the rope ladder for him to climb aboard. You'll like Alvin. He says "I follow the work of the Junior Chamber here in New Jersey very closely and help whenever I can", and is loud in his praise of the Newark JC.

Some of you old-timers probably remember Clarence H. Howard Jr. who is a passenger on our mythical ship. He and his good wife had a visit from the stork recently and now a fine young lady is a happy addition to their family. Congratulations are in order.

Bill Galloway out at Kansas City writes that the Kansas City Young Men's Division had a great banquet for Phil Ebeling when the Kansas City organization was given the charter, and says it was a treat to meet our mate Carroll Fay of Joplin who came up for the occasion. These visits are always pleasant and prove the value of the crew membership.

More and more is it impressed upon us that the members of the crew are loaders and we hear constantly of their achievements. This time I am glad to mention that:-

Herb McCulla just a few days ago was appointed by Gov. Cochran of Nebraska, as a member of the State Planning Board which is a great honor in Nebraska. Herb succeeds former Governor McKelvie on this Board so you can see that is a real recognition.

Geo. Olmsted has recently acquired control of the largest stock casualty company in Iowa and has added to the long list of titles which he carries, that of "Vice-President of the Hawkeye Casualty Co." and as Allen Whitfield says "definitely marks him as one of the leading figures in Iowa insurance circles."

Log Of The "S. S. Fellowship"



Morris W. Turnor has been elected the new President of the Tulsa Real Estate Board of which our mate, Walt Clinton has also been elected a director. Walt says Morris is becoming known as "Simon Logroo" because he is whipping in- to action the whole organization and whereas the directors formerly met once a month Morris is having them meet from one to three times a week.

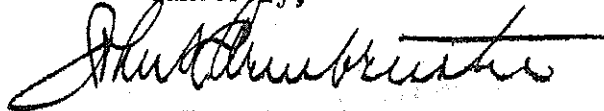
"Doc" Lyons, our mate at Jackson, Mich. has been admitted to that coveted membership in "American Men of Science". During the past year Doc has had nearly 150 articles and stories published in all sorts of journals including "Esquire" and now is doing some book reviewing for two scientific journals and a New York publishing firm.

It is always a pleasure to pass such good news on to the mates who glory in each others' accomplishments.

On the subject of Leadership I think the copyrighted article by Cadillac Motor Car Co. entitled "The Penalty of Leadership" gives us some excellent thoughts; it reads

"In every field of human endeavor, he that is first must perpetually live in the white light of publicity. Whether the leadership be vested in a man or in a manufactured product, emulation and envy are ever at work. In art, in literature, in music, in industry, the reward and the punishment are always the same. The reward is widespread recognition; the punishment, fierce denial and detraction. When a man's work becomes a standard for the whole world, it also becomes a target for the shafts of the envious few. If his work be merely mediocre, he will be left severely alone - if he achieve a masterpiece, it will set a million tongues a-wagging. Jealousy does not protrude its forked tongue at the artist who produces a commonplace painting. Whatsoever you write, or paint, or play, or sing, or build, no one will strive to surpass or to slander you, unless your work be stamped with the seal of genius. Long, long after a great work or a good work has been done, those who are disappointed or envious continue to cry out that it cannot be done. Spiteful little voices in the domain of art were raised against our own Whistler as a mountebank, long after the big world had acclaimed him its greatest artistic genius. Multitudes flocked to Bayreuth to worship at the musical shrine of Wagner, while the little group of those whom he had dethroned and displaced argued angrily that he was no musician at all. The little world continued to protest that Fulton could never build a steamboat, while the big world flocked to the river banks to see his boat steam by. The leader is assailed because he is a leader, and the effort to equal him is merely added proof of that leadership. Failing to equal or to excel, the follower seeks to depreciate and to destroy - but only confirms once more the superiority of that which he strives to supplant. There is nothing new in this. It is as old as the world and as old as the human passions - envy, fear, greed, ambition, and the desire to surpass. And it all avails nothing. If the leader truly leads, he remains - the leader. Master-poet, master-painter, master-workman, each in his turn is assailed, and each holds his laurels through the ages. That which is good or great makes itself known, no matter how loud the clamor of denial. That which deserves to live -- lives.

Sincerely,



Keeper of the Log

Log Of The "S. S. Fellowship"



February 18th, 1939.

Imagine my surprise, albeit an agreeable surprise, when I received in special delivery, air mail, letter which I am quoting verbatim:

"The members of the Harry J. Krusz household take great pride and joy in announcing that on February 16th, 1939 Miss Marylu Peterson of Lincoln, Nebraska, formerly Publicity Director of the Lincoln Chamber of Commerce, a perfectly wonderful girl whom you will all soon learn to love, will join the Krusz household as a full fledged member of the family to be henceforth known as Mrs. Krusz."

They will be at home at #2601 Rathbone Road, Lincoln, Nebraska after their honeymoon.

I haven't had the pleasure of meeting Marylu but from the pictures Harry sent me and from the fine things Harry has said about her whenever he would talk about her during the past year, she must be some girl and we all, I know, wish both a most happy married life.

Thinking about a happy married life I am persuaded to repeat an editorial which appeared in the Ladies Home Journal a long time ago. It was entitled

- THE DANCE OF LIFE -

We wonder if learning to dance well - we refer to modern ballroom dancing - isn't a pretty good training school for marriage. Consider two ballroom dancers. The man leads. He chooses the pattern that their feet shall follow. The woman must be guided by him. She must then be docile, she must submit herself to his guidance. But she must not be too docile. She must not lean. She must stand on her own feet, preserving in every intricate step her own balance, her own individuality as a separate, self-determined entity, subdued for the moment to his will. Even, she must resist a bit. Just a trifle, not too much - just enough to make the man aware that he is dancing with a partner, not alone. If she clings too closely, leans too heavily, follows too easily, the pleasure of dancing with her is lost, almost as surely as if she follows unwillingly, trying too strongly to guide their steps.

As we have said, it is the man who imposes his will. But how gently, how tactfully he must do it. Almost, it seems that they are guided by one impulse. And sometimes a pressure of her hand on his shoulder restrains him from stepping heavily backward on someone's toes. A holding back, a reluctance, warns him: "Don't move in that direction."

The man has chosen the pattern that their feet follow. But he also submerges his will to something outside himself. He is controlled, guided by and submissive to, the demands of the music, which, like fate, permits him certain forms of expression, denies him others.

And so they move as one. Each of them is limited by the other's limitations, strong only where both are strong. Only as one, can they succeed. He choosing the pattern of their steps, within the circumscribed space of the dance floor, controlled by the tune, usually not of his own selecting, to which he must dance; imposing his will so lightly that it seems a mutual choice; she submissive to his leadership, but not too submissive, never losing her entity, her ability to balance perfectly on her own feet, influencing him subtly in her very docility - they move as one to the music which life has chosen for them.

And may I wish for Harry and Marylu and to all that "the music which has chosen" shall be music that stirs the soul, soothes our hearts, an inspiring rhythmic symphony and bringing perfect